

THE MAGNOLIA

OR, LITERARY TABLET.

Published Semi-Monthly, at One Dollar Per Annum, in Advance.

Vol. I.

HUDSON, MARCH 8, 1834.

No. 12.

The Spartan Mother.

The Spartan mother stood beside,
Her mounted warrior son,
While legions of old Sparta's pride
Press'd by them, one by one.
She gazed upon the martial host
And gazed upon her boy,
And proudly and triumphantly,
She spake her spirit's joy.—

"Now, go thou forth, amid the throng,
That seek for Sparta's right,
And bear thy mother's heart along,
To cheer thee in the fight.
Rejoic'd am I that thou art mine,
And that thou art among
The gallant souls around thee—
The fearless and the young!

Hark! hear'st thou not the tramp of war?
Away!—away!—for thee,
Whil'st thou art in the fight afar,
Myrrizon shall be.
And if thou com'st without alloy,
From amidst the strife of men,
Oh! haste thee to thy mother, boy
And she shall bless the thou.

But if the foe do conquer,
Yet fly thou not,—nor yield,
Nor come thou to thy mother more,
Unless upon thy shield,—
The noble youth departed,
While vigor in his eye
Bespoke the lofty hearted,
That might not shrink to die.

And hopefully, and proudly,
On that heroic day,
Went the battle hosts of Sparta,
To the battle field away.
The clash of arms, was loud, and long,
On Luctra's gory plain;
And many a proud heart, sank among
The wounded and the slain.

The charge—the storm—the sabre thrust—
The fury and the shout—
The death wound, and the purple stream
Of hot blood oozing out—
Thus wildly rag'd the fierce affray,
Till thousands were at peace,
Midst the sound of drum, and battle cry,—
For Glory and for Greece.

The hero boy, in valor came,
The rush—the shock—the blow,
Of sword and spear, he braved not,
But mingled with the foe.
And, when the weary conflict ceased
Upon the crimson'd field,
The Spartan mother wept not,—
He came upon his shield!

Kuider-becker.

From the Lady's Book.

THE TWO RINGS.

A Tale of the Thirteenth Century.

Bar.—How came you by this ring, landlord?
Hob.—That ring?—very honestly—very honestly indeed, madam. I had it, I am sure, from a man I cannot suspect—from a very good man.—*The Disbanded Officer.*

[The courts of the holy Feme, although they owe their origin to Charlemagne, were not organized until after the fall of Henry the

Lion, and their secret power, which, during the 14th and 15th centuries, was so terrible as to spread dismay throughout Germany, was, comparatively but little exerted, even as late as the reign of Frederic II. There were not wanting instances, however, during the first dawnings of their power of persons, who, to gratify revenge, or some other selfish passion, had recourse to these secret tribunals. The president of the Feme court was called, *Frisgraf*—his associates, who concurred in and executed the sentence, *Frischoffen*, and all that was necessary to condemn a person for a real, or an imaginary crime, was for one of the latter to make oath of his guilt.]

On the summit of a steep crag, overlooking the Rhine, and which is now marked by a pile of venerable, moss grown ruins, rose one of those old baronial castles, characterized by the strength and stately magnificence of the feudal times. Count Hermann, the proprietor, was one of the most powerful of the royal vassals, his followers being numerous and well appointed, consisting mostly of valiant youths weary of inactivity, and thirsting for military glory. He was never married, and the females of his household, with the exception of the domestics, were his sister, who lost her husband a few years after her marriage—her daughter, the Lady Agnes—and a young girl about seventeen years of age, whom he had found, when a child, in a house deserted of the rest of its inhabitants, during the sacking and burning of a town. The child, who could only tell that her name was Theresa, was exquisitely beautiful, and, in her centred all his dearest affection—circumstances which naturally excited the envy and ill will of the countess and her daughter.

It was the soft hour of twilight, such as ushers in one of those evenings, the power of whose beauty is better felt than described.—It was an hour, when there is music in the stirring of the leaf, sweetness in the voices of those we love, and, in the bosom, a voiceless rapture; when the atmosphere, which we breathe, seems more ethereal, and we appear almost to possess the power of mingling with its essence. It was at this hour, that Theresa was seated on the terrace, with Raymond, a young chevalier of France by her side. A few soft white clouds floated slowly over the face of the calm blue heavens.

"What rapture would it be," said Raymond, "to sail on the bosom of yonder cloud, to overlook the wildest cliff of the mountains, and to see the tameless eagle soaring far beneath; to drink in as it were, the whole beauty of this most beautiful earth; or to mix with the pure beams of some lovely star, without clouding its effulgence."

"Perhaps," said Theresa, "when the spirit is freed from the form which it animates on

earth, it will have the power to do all this.—I have sometimes thought," she continued, "that could our vision be extended to the perception of objects less gross, that in the breeze, which fans and refreshes us, or in the light, which, sheds around us its glories, we might behold the now viewless forms of those we loved, when they were beings of earth like ourselves."

"It is, at least, pleasing to think so," said Raymond, "but there are only a few blessed moments that we have the power to enjoy such an illusion. We cleave to the dust of which we are formed. There is something humbling in the thought Theresa, that we are of the same order of beings as the meanest boor, who is capable of no higher enjoyment, than to eat and to sleep; who cannot feel his eyes dazzled in the flood of glory poured upon him from the eye of the universe, nor feel one pulse of his bosom throb quicker, than if he were half obscured in the smoky light of his cabin. And, yet, I have endured moments, when I have envied his inability to think and to feel, for though knowledge may confer moments of rapture, it makes years of sorrow.—It is humbling to think that we are of the same order as these, but there is another thought, that is maddening. I have a foe, Theresa," continued he, with a vehemence of voice and action, that made her start—"I have a foe, and when I think that his hated form is made also of the same clay—his, whose lip I saw curl with scorn, when I sought redress for deep and unmerited injury—then it is, that I no longer wish to breathe the air, which he contaminates." During the close of this speech, Raymond rose from his seat, and stood opposite to Theresa. There was something grand, almost terrible, in his appearance, as he thus stood erect before her, his countenance kindling with the strong passions, which shook his frame.

"Alas!" said Theresa, "what human being can have the power to move you thus?"

"You know him well. His name is Von Gratz. His spirit is base, mean and grovelling, and yet, overmine, it maintains the mastery. It is he, to whom the crimes, which, like spectres, would haunt the midnight pillow of an ordinary man, are a jest. But I am a wretch," said he, perceiving the distress painted on the countenance of Theresa; "for having been so violent and passionate. We are the slaves of passion—else, how could other than calm and serene thoughts possess the breast, while by your side, and gazing on a prospect so fraught with loveliness. Even the rough, bleak mountains appear soft and beautiful, in the dim, starry light now resting upon them."

"Surely," said Theresa, "you must be deceived as respects Von Gratz. When Count Hermann first gave me a home, he was his favorite page, and from thence he has risen to the honours of knighthood; honours, which no one knows better than the Chevalier de Raymond, cannot be obtained without the union of many great and noble virtues."

"Count Hermann," replied Raymond, blushing deeply at the just compliment implied in the speech of Theresa: "is of a na-

ture so generous and open, that it is easy for a person so consummately artful as Von Gratz, to deceive him."

"It may be as you say," said Theresa, rising from her seat. "It is late—the evening star is set. Good night."

"Stay one moment, Theresa. Promise that you will forget this evening. I am not myself when I think of that man. In a few days I depart for the Holy Land, perhaps never to return. I entreat you that ere I go, you will give me an opportunity, of bidding you farewell."

"I cannot promise to again meet you," said Theresa, "I fear I have done wrong this evening."

The mystic adoration, which characterized the passion of love in those days, forbade Raymond to press the subject, and he contented himself by requesting her, should she relent, to inform him by some token or message.

"I will," she replied, and hastily entered the castle. The following day towards sunset, Count Hermann commanded his followers to array themselves in their armour, and to assemble on the lawn in front of the castle.—The command was obeyed with usual alacrity, for the Emperor, Frederick II. who, the year previous had, by the disease of his army, and his own illness, been prevented from reaching the Holy Land, and who had now set out on a new crusade, was expected to honor the mansion of their chief with his presence that night, or it might be during a number of days, in order to give his army time to assemble at the appointed place of rendezvous.—All, therefore, were eager, not only to behold, but to be of the number, who were to meet and welcome a sovereign, whom their imaginations pictured in glowing colours, and to whom they had ascribed all those noble qualities, by which he so eminently deserved the appellation of the great Frederick. The lawn was soon covered with animated groups, which were momentarily shifted, each individual being haunted by that restlessness, ever attendant on keen expectation. But the most conspicuous figure present was Count Hermann. He was between forty and fifty, and in his person almost realized the description given by the Roman writers of the inhabitants beyond the Rhine. His eyes, though blue, were keen and fierce in their expression, and his forehead was almost entirely shrouded by a thick mass of deep yellow hair; but this part of his physiognomy was in a measure atoned for by a handsome mouth, well furnished with beautiful teeth, which were frequently disclosed by a warm and benevolent smile. His strong, sinewy frame, full expanded chest, and gigantic height, seemed well fashioned to sustain the weight of the heavy armour worn at that period, and to render him, in point of personal appearance, an appropriate leader of a brave and warlike band. The Count, on the present occasion, with a busy anxious brow stood apart with a few of his followers, more experienced than the rest, consulting with them relative to some points of etiquette, proper to be observed in the reception of his anticipated guest. While engaged in this

consultation, a voice, such an one as of itself, has power to thrill the inmost recesses of the human soul, came floating on the air, mingling its melodious tones with the din of voices and clash of arms which arose from the assembled warriors. In a moment, all was silent, and every eye was raised to a lofty oak, among the branches of which sat a Troubadour, singing the *plaintes*, so called, which mourned the sorrows of Palestine. All present bowed to the simple and touching eloquence of the song, and the roughest cheek was unconsciously moistened with a tear. While every heart was swelling mingled emotions of sorrow and indignation at the oppression of these Christians, who dwelt in the land sanctified by a Saviour's sufferings, the Troubadour suddenly changed his lamentation into one of those spirit-stirring melodies, which kindles the soul of the warrior, and causes it to yearn for the strife, and the rapture of the battle. The flush of excitement lighted the eye, and was on the cheek of the young knights, and many a hand involuntarily grasped the sword, and drew it half way from its scabbard. The attention of one and only one, appeared to be divided. The eye of the Chevalier de Raymond frequently wandered from the songster to the window of the turret chamber, which overlooked the lawn, and he began to despair of receiving at this time, any token from Theresa, to show that she intended to grant him the solicited interview, when a white hand glanced quickly through the high, open lattice of the turret, and a small knot of rose-colored ribbon fell at his feet. He eagerly seized it, and imprinting on it a fervent, yet reverent kiss, hid it in his bosom.

Shortly after the close of the song, a messenger who had been despatched for the purpose, returned and announced the approach of the Emperor. While he was yet speaking strains of warlike melody came floating on the gale, and the cavalcade, hitherto concealed by rising ground, rose to view, its arms and armour glittering brightly in the setting sun, and the royal banner spreading its broad folds to the wind. Most present, especially the younger portion, now glanced their eyes over their dress, and hastened, for perhaps the twentieth time, to adjust some favorite weapon; while Count Hermann, shaking his mighty limbs, as if to settle himself more firmly in his armour, placed himself forthwith at the head of his followers, and advance to meet and welcome his sovereign.

They had hardly passed the drawbridge, before the Lady Agnes entered the apartment of Theresa, the room was furnished partly in the oriental fashion, a style the Europeans had learned to imitate during the Crusades, and Theresa was sitting on a sofa, by which it was nearly surrounded, in such a manner as to command a view of the Count and his attendants, without being herself seen. She was dressed in a robe of rose-colored silk, embroidered with silver tissue, which was gathered round her waist with a girdle sprinkled all over with jewels, and fastened in front with a sapphire of uncommon size and beauty. The delicious brilliancy of her complexion was heightened by an exuberant mass of soft

glossy hair, which was of a dark chestnut save where a sunbeam happened to fall, when it reflected a bright, almost golden lustre. Nothing could be finer than her features, which, in form, resembled the antique; while the deep richness of her dark, intellectual eyes at this moment, beaming a "radiant earnestness," might have reminded those, who had beheld that land of female loveliness, of the beauties of Ionia. She was leaning her head in a thoughtful attitude on her left hand, which sunk so deep amid the luxuriant curls, as almost to conceal the exquisite delicacy of its form and colour, but not so as to hide a ring of rare brilliancy, which sparkled on one of her fingers. Theresa was unconscious of the presence of Lady Agnes, until she tapped her somewhat rudely on the shoulder. She started up, while a deep blush suffused her countenance. Agnes did not speak; but holding the trembling Theresa from her at arm's length, she fastened on her, her keen, piercing eyes, as if she could thereby read the secrets of her bosom. Theresa soon recovered her self-possession, and assuming an air, at once calm and dignified, she gently disengaged herself from the grasp of Agnes, and pointing to the sofa, invited her to be seated.

"No," said Agnes, "I may not tarry. I bear a message from my mother, who commands you to retire to an inner apartment, lest a lasting reproach be brought on our modesty and discretion by one of our sex, who does not hesitate in the most public and shameless manner, to distribute tokens to every handsome gallant, who happens to strike her fancy."

"I am not insensible to the justice of your mother's rebuke," replied Theresa, "though communicated in somewhat an ungracious manner, and will take care, in future, to be more discreet; but I shall not leave the apartment assigned me by the Count, save by his desire."

"When my uncle chooses to exalt a beggar above those of his own house," said Agnes, "he must expect the natural consequences." Theresa made no reply to this taunting speech, and the Lady Agnes soon retired.

The shades of evening had begun to gather when the tramp of horses, and the loud cheerful notes of the trumpet, announced the near approach of the Count and his illustrious guest. The stir and bustle among the servants were now redoubled, and the countess hastily descended to the room where supper was to be served, to take a last look at the arrangements, and to see if her orders had been properly regarded. The table was soon loaded, not only with the substantial edibles suited to the German palate, but with a variety of dishes prepared by cooks procured for the occasion, who professed to understand the more luxurious gastronomy of the Romans. The emperor had travelled a considerable distance without refreshment, and the savour sent forth by the good things smoking on the board, induced him to despatch, with all possible haste, those ceremonies which were a barrier between him and the table, much to the chagrin of the countess, who felt her dignity sensibly deteriorate, at being the subject of a sovereign

so devoid of that solemn stateliness, which she had ever been accustomed to couple with royalty. Notwithstanding this querulousness, however, when in his immediate presence, there was something so majestic in his mien, that it put to flight all those studied graces, which she had long kept in requisition, to lavish forth during the present opportunity.

Frederic, although not tall, was well made, and his fair complexion corresponded with the benignant expression of his eye and mouth, while his fine forehead was sufficiently expressive of his intellectual riches, and gave to his countenance a look of dignity, which accorded with his elevated station. As his frame had been strengthened, so had his manners been rendered graceful by those chivalrous exercises, to which he had been accustomed during youth, and probably, no man in his empire surpassed him in ease and elegance of address. All were seated at the table, and deeply engaged in doing justice to the delicious fare, when a middle-aged man, in the habit of a pilgrim, entered the apartment, and leaning on his staff, seemed patiently awaiting an opportunity to satisfy his appetite. He was considerably above the common stature, and notwithstanding the coarseness of apparel, there was something picturesque—even majestic in his appearance, as silent and passive he stood apart from the festive company. During a time like the present, however, a person like him, was likely to attract but little notice, and, at length, he was constrained to ask for a cup of water and a piece of bread. His voice was deep and harmonious, and there was that in its tones, which caused Theresa to start, and look in the direction whence they proceeded. On beholding him, she forthwith filled a cup with wine, and commanded it to be given him, together with some food. Soon after this, the ladies rose to retire, and having occasion to pass the spot where stood the pilgrim, he looked earnestly at Theresa, and entreated her to inform him if she were the daughter of the host. "No," replied Theresa, "count Hermann is not my father, although I receive from him a father's care and tenderness."

"May God's benison be with thee, fair damsel, whoever thou art," said the pilgrim. "Thy countenance brings back to me scenes of my youth, which passed away like a vision of the night."

Theresa now passed on, but instead of directing her steps towards her chamber, she turned aside into the room, where Raymond, unheard, as he imagined, by any person excepting herself, had requested her to give him the promised meeting. Raymond had left the hall some minutes before she withdrew herself, and she expected to find him already there. A flush of shame crossed her cheek, when she found that she had anticipated him; but thinking that some unforeseen occurrence might, for a moment, have detained him, she seated herself on a bench, near an open window to await his coming. She had not remained there long, before she thought she heard his voice, and looking out of the window, she beheld him and Lady Agnes walking together, apparently in close conversation.

A keen sense of injury shot coldly through her heart, and hastening to her chamber, she for a while, indulged in mingled emotions of grief, shame, and resentment. But, although young, her situation had made her acquainted with self-discipline, and she soon succeeded in giving to her feelings a calmer tone. It was now nearly midnight, and the wind which came moaning through the corridor, seemed to her awakened imagination, like the voice of a melancholy spirit warning her of some sad event; and as her eye involuntarily wandered to a fierce-looking chieftain, portrayed at full length on the ceiling, and who according to tradition, had foully murdered his near kinsman, she almost imagined, that his eye which followed her, wherever she went, blended into an expression of real life, and that the lips, curled with one of those smiles more dreadful to look upon than the darkest frown. But, Theresa was one, to whom

"The awe of such a moment is not fear,"

and she almost wished that the shadowy form of the murdered chief would glide along in the pale moon-light that gleamed through the lattice. The spell was soon broken by the closing and barring of the heavy doors of the castle, and the sound of the numerous voices and footsteps of those who were retiring to their respective chambers. Though late, Theresa felt no inclination to sleep, and approaching an open casement, she looked out upon the beautiful scene. The clear cold moon was walking in her brightness through the midnight heavens, silencing the dark clouds that sailed slowly past her, ere they gathered themselves to the fleecy mass which rested in the eastern horizon. The breeze was awake, whispering soothingly in the trees and blending its voice with the murmurs of a stream, near the edge of which, rose a rude, though picturesque hermitage, shaded by a cluster of willows. The holy spirit of repose which wrapt all the visible world, communicated itself more and more to her bosom, and she was giving way to the full tide of those calm, but rapturous sensations, which the true worshipper of nature can alone feel, when her attention was arrested by two persons, who approached the hermitage, and, who, after having looked cautiously around, entered it. One of them Theresa knew to be Agnes. Her companion, who was a man, she was unable to recognize, he being muffled in a cloak, evidently for the sake of disguise; she knew, however, by his size, that it was not Raymond. They were likewise observed by a nearer, and it might be an equally curious spectator. The pilgrim, when he retired from the castle, struck by the lonely beauty of the hermitage, and being in a morose, melancholy mood, he entered it, and throwing himself on the bench, which surrounded the interior. The spot where he reclined happened to be in deep shadow, and partly hid by some columns which supported the roof. The new visitants seated themselves on the opposite side, through the windows of which, the moon-beams streamed in full splendor, distinctly revealing the countenance of each. The pilgrim was not a little surprised when he beheld the lady Agnes.

whom an hour before he had seen in the banquet hall, dispensing the sunshine of her smiles on all around, enter a building so lonely, in company with a man, in whose appearance, though attired as a knight, there was something peculiarly suspicious, pale and ghastly—her eyes flashing fire, and all her features distorted with anger. A few passionate tears glittered in her eyes, which having dashed impatiently away, she addressed her companion, who assumed an attitude of humble and profound attention.

"Did you observe the colour, which the reserant Raymond wore on his shield to-day?" said she.

"I did lady—the colour of the rose, if I mistake not."

"Yes, the hated colour, which Theresa loves best. Silly boy! his boldness has sealed her fate."

"And why not his fate also, lady?"

"Von Gratz," said she laying her hand on his, while the expression of her features, as well as the tone of her voice, became milder, "I love him."

"You mean lady, that you *did* love him. Never let it be said, that the high-minded and noble Agnes of B—, can, for a moment, lavish her affections on one who receives the treasure with indifference and scorn."

"It is, at least, some consolation that I prevented their concerted meeting to-night.—But we will speak no more of Raymond—tell me if you noticed a diamond ring of remarkable size worn by the emperor."

"I did," replied Von Gratz.

"I heard him say," said Agnes, "that he valued it far above its price." Agnes remained thoughtful a few moments, and then resumed the conversation. "You know Von Gratz," said she, "that through my influence, you have risen from obscurity to a state of affluence and respectability. I have power to raise you still higher, and most assuredly will, if you will promise to obey the request I am about to make of you."

"Will it not be prudent for me to know the kind of service you require of me, before I promise to perform it?" said Von Gratz.

"Go," said Agnes indignantly. "I require no service from one so nice. It is sufficient for you to know that your reward shall be prompt and ample."

"Which for aught I know, may be to deliver me up to the power of the holy Feme."

"Are you not a member? did you not take the oath the last time the tribunal assembled?"

"Ay, and a terrible oath it was. Nevertheless, I will promise to perform no service before I know its import."

"Obstinate fool!" said Agnes. "But since it must be so, I will reveal my wish, and leave it at your own option, whether to perform it or not. In a word, I must have that diamond ring of the emperor's."

"You shall have it," said Von Gratz.

"Not unless this good steel fail me," said the pilgrim, suddenly starting from his recumbent posture, and drawing a poniard from his bosom. At the same moment, he seized the astonished Von Gratz by the arm, and made a thrust at his breast. But the weapon was

met by armour of proof, and glanced aside.

"On Gratz was a powerful man, and instantly recovering his self-possession, he seized his sword, and aimed at the unmailled breast of his antagonist, who fell to the ground covered with blood. Von Gratz raised him in his arms, and without ceremony, threw him into the stream that washed the base of the hermitage. "There," said he, "tell what thou hast heard to the fishes, if they are not too deaf to hear thee." Agnes stifled, and bidding Von Gratz good night, hastened back to the castle. The tumult of her feelings prevented her from sleeping, and about two o'clock she heard a low knock at her door. She arose, and hastily enveloping herself in a robe, admitted Von Gratz. As he entered, he cast a furtive glance around the room.

"I am alone," said Agnes—"where is the ring?"

"Here lady, and do not forget that I procured it at the risk of my life."

We will talk of that, hereafter," said Agnes. "You may retire."

As soon as he was gone, she took a lamp and hastened to the apartment of Theresa, who was, as she had hoped, in a deep sleep. Her cheek, which glowed with all the freshness of her own favorite colour, rested on her right hand, while her left, on which sparkled the ring before alluded to, laid on the outside of the coverlet. Agnes cautiously approached the bed, and began to slip the ring from the small taper finger which it ornamented.—Theresa started, and murmured a few words indistinctly to herself. Agnes sat patiently by her side, until her breathing became again quiet and free, when she resumed the operation of removing the ring, and was successful. She then deposited a billet on the table, which she had prepared for the purpose, and, in which was enclosed the ring procured by Von Gratz. The billet was signed Raymond, and ran thus:—"Having after you retired last evening, found a ring which I knew to be yours, I could not resist the temptation of retaining it, and most humbly do I beg, that you will pardon my presumption, and wear the enclosed for my sake." Agnes, then, with all the haste consistent with prudence, returned to her own chamber. As soon as Theresa rose the following morning, she perceived that her ring was gone, but ere she had time to dwell on her loss, lady Agnes entered the room. Her countenance was dressed in smiles, and with much apparent concern, she inquired of Theresa how she had rested.

"Indifferently," she replied, "and had I observed before I slept, that I had lost the ring I so highly value, I think I should have rested still worse."

"What ring?" inquired Agnes, with a voice and look of affected ignorance.

"The ring your uncle gave me, and which you know he found on the floor of the same apartment in which he found me when a child. I value it the more highly, because I thought that it might possibly prove the means of my being recognized by some of my family—if indeed I have any relatives," she added with a sigh.

"A visionary thought truly. But what

have you here?" said Agnes, pointing to the billet, which lay on the table.

Theresa hastily opened it, and with cheeks glowing with blushes, read its contents. "A token from some gallant, I dare aver," said Agnes. "I will not press you on the subject, however, for I perceive that it makes you sufficiently unhappy."

"You speak ironically," said Theresa, "but it surely does make me unhappy to part with my ring, in any way whatever."

Theresa, had she chosen, might have expressed the resentment pervading her bosom, owing to Raymond's having failed to meet her the evening previous. Agnes had sufficient penetration to divine the cause of the momentary conflict in her feelings, and being at the same time convinced that she had no suspicion of the fraud which had been practised upon her, she left her with a light heart. "Now Raymond, ingrate that thou art," she murmured, as she regained her own apartment, "my revenge is sure."

Scarcely an hour from this, bustle and inquiry were abroad in the castle. The emperor had arisen, and immediately missed the valuable ring, which he constantly wore.—His bed-chamber and every place which it could be remembered he had visited, were searched in vain. The sentinels were then questioned, and one of them related, that an hour or two past midnight, hearing a noise in his majesty's chamber, he entered it, and beheld on the opposite side of the room, a hand just closing a pannel—that he went forthwith to the spot, and examined it, but that the pannel was fitted into the ceiling with so much exactness, that his search proved ineffectual. Whatever Frederic might think of this circumstance, he declared that he was well satisfied with the zeal which had been manifested for the recovery of a mere bauble, and commanded that no further anxiety and trouble might be evinced concerning it in his presence. All thought strange that his solicitude for its recovery should receive so sudden an abatement, as not long before he had been heard to say, that it was the gift of a valued friend; whilst at the same time, they were unanimous in the belief, that the command was issued in consequence of a message, just delivered to him by a grotesque looking person, whom nobody knew, and who immediately disappeared. There was little time, however, for the discussion of an affair, which they deemed so important and so mysterious, for Frederic gave orders for every thing to be made ready for his immediate departure, much to the discomfort of many present, for had he remained until the next day, it was the intention of lady Agnes to give a splendid ball that evening, where they doubtless would have figured, equally to their own satisfaction, and the edification of the spectators.

The countess, lady Agnes and Theresa were summoned to take leave of Count Hermann, as he was too much pressed for time, to admit of his visiting them in their own apartments. The chevalier de Raymond, with a number of others, stood at the lower end of the hall, and Theresa could not forbear look-

ing to see if he wore her ring, and finding he did not, she was rejoiced that she had removed from her finger the one enclosed in the billet, before appearing in his presence.—Count Hermann brushed away a tear, as he murmured, "God bless thee my dear Theresa," while without daring to trust her own voice, or to again look towards Raymond, she hastened from the hall. The night was "far upon its watches," when Theresa heard footsteps in the corridor, and voices speaking in a whisper; one of which she thought to be the voice of Von Gratz. The next moment the door opened, and lady Agnes entered. She was perfectly pale, and her keen black eyes flashed with an expression of mingled terror and triumph. "Oh! Theresa," said she, "you are cited to appear before the court of the holy Feme—the citation is fixed at the entrance of the great hall. Von Gratz was the first to discover it, who immediately caused the appalling intelligence to be communicated to my mother and myself."

"Who can have been so bold," said Theresa, "as to accuse the innocent of crime?"

"That is, and ever must remain a secret," replied Agnes. "The proceedings of the holy tribunal have never been known to transpire in any instance."

"Have you any suspicion of the crime of which I am accused?"

"None," replied Agnes, averting her face to hide a blush, which even her boldness could not check. She then inquired if Theresa intended to await the third citation, ere she appeared before the tribunal.

"Will it not be best?" said Theresa. "I shall need time to fortify my mind against so dreadful an hour."

"You are surely at liberty to do as you please," said Agnes; "but to my mind, such reluctance to attend the summons, will appear like a tacit confession of guilt."

"I believe you are right," said Theresa—"I am ready to go this moment."

"Your determination shall be made known," said Agnes, and she quitted the apartment.

When left to herself, her fortitude forsook her, and varied and agonizing sensations came thronging to her bosom. She had succeeded in acquiring a degree of composure, when a man, whom she had never before seen, conducted by Agnes, entered the room. Hardly knowing what she did, she fled to its remotest corner. The man approached her within a short distance, and calling her by name, informed her that he had come in the name of the tribunal of the Holy Feme, then assembled to conduct her to its presence. Theresa stepped forward a few paces, and with dignity and composure that astonished him, demand first an interview with the countess, that she might receive the benefit of her counsel.

"The countess," said he, "is a woman of too much sense, to endeavor to interrupt the course of justice."

"In other words," said Theresa, "she knows and approves of your business here."

"It is even so," he replied. "The lady Agnes also entertains a just sense of the respect and veneration due to our holy and august council."

"If all human aid then fail me," said Theresa, and she clasped her hands and raised her eyes to heaven, "to thy protection, Almighty Father, do I commit myself."

"I'll ease to make what haste you may—remember the holy council awaits your presence."

"I am ready," said she, throwing a mantle about her, while refusing his proffered support, she followed him with a firm step—a person, whom they met in the corridor, and whom Theresa suspected to be Von Gratz, acting as guide. He conducted them to a court-yard, where stood a litter, near which were a number of persons, whom by the light of the moon, she took to be Saracens—many of whom, in the capacity of slaves, accompanied the crusaders on their return to Europe. Having, according to orders ascended the litter, she was borne by the Saracens, as far as she was able to judge, a number of miles, the latter part of the way being through an almost impenetrable forest. The path terminated in a glade, formed something like an amphitheatre, and except by this single avenue, rendered either by nature or art impervious on every side. The spectacle presented to view was imposing—almost sublime. The thick and lofty trees excluded all outward objects from view, even the heavens themselves, save a small space directly overhead. Nearly in the centre of this, glistered a single star of intense radiance, which seemed like an eye gazing on the dreadful and mysterious proceedings of a tribunal, on which no human being was permitted to look, save the members themselves and the victims of its power. The Freigraf occupied a seat considerably elevated above the rest, while the Freischoffen, who concurred in and executed the sentence, were ranged on either side. A few lamps, suspended from the branches of the trees, just sufficient to render the gloom perceptible, shed a wavering light on their harsh visages, while all was so silent, that Theresa could alone hear the sighings of the breeze mingle with the audible beatings of her heart. She did not quail, as she entered this stern assembly; but walked with an unflinching step to the seat designated by her conductor, and though her cheek and lip were pale as the blighted rose-leaf, her eye shone with a free and clear light. A being so beautiful, so friendless, could not fail to elicit a degree of sympathy from the hardest hearts, and some of the younger members, had they dared, would willingly have interposed in her behalf.—Even the Freigraf seemed to be conscious of some visitings of nature, when he arose to address her, and for a moment remained silent. Shortly, however, he appeared to have summoned the requisite sternness of purpose, and in a voice, whose intonations were deep and startling to the unaccustomed ear, he commanded Theresa to rise. She obeyed mechanically, for her thoughts were far away with count Hermann and with Raymond.—As her mind wandered to those only objects whom she held dear, her features wore a soft dreamy expression, which made it evident, that, for the time, she was insensible to the horrors of her situation. But when the

Freigraf alluded to the crime for which she had been arraigned, and which was the first intimation she had received of its nature, the spell was broken. A confused idea of the snare which had been laid for her, gleamed upon her mind, and clasping her forehead with both hands, she uttered a cry of agony. The fatal ring was thus exposed to the view of the whole assembly. Murmurs of disapprobations ran from mouth to mouth, at her hardihood, in thus exhibiting the stolen treasure.

"Blame her not," said the Freigraf—"the stings of a guilty conscience urge her, in this manner, to confess a crime which she could find no words to utter." He then proceeded to expatiate on the heinous nature of her offence, remarking that it seemed to call for a punishment more severe than the ordinary one of banishment. He therefore passed on her sentence of death by decapitation, which was to be carried into effect the next day save one, between the hours of noon and the setting of the sun. Theresa was then conveyed from the scene of her condemnation to a place appropriated to the reception of criminals.

When left alone in the gloom and solitude of her prison, and no longer sustained by that intensity of feeling, which a sense of difficulty and danger is, during its first moments, so apt to awaken, her heart sunk within her. She arose and went to the grated window. The scene without which lay wrapt in a flood of moonlight, was beautiful. But though she appeared to gaze so intensely on the prospect before her, she beheld it not. A vision of undefinable horror floated before her eyes, which seemed "frozen in their gaze." It was the vision of the grave, and even amidst its palpable darkness, she could behold all its secret terrors. "O God," said she, "must I then, even in the spring-time of life, leave all I have loved on earth, to lie so low in darkness and in shame?—where the stranger shall shun the unconsecrated spot, and where he, who has loved me as a father—where even Raymond will scorn to linger and weep?" There was a "burning harrowing pain" in this last thought, which broke the trance-like spell which bound her, and swelled her heart almost to bursting. But this could not endure. A kind of "blank repose" came over her spirits, and as the day dawned, she sunk into an unquiet slumber. During the day, her solitude was unbroken, save by the presence of the jailer, who brought her food. When about sunset, he entered with her supper, he handed her a letter. It was from Count Hermann, who assured her that if possible, he should be with her the next day. The letter closed with the most touching expressions of comfort and sympathy, rendered more affecting by their extreme simplicity. They were the first she had received during the whole scene of her trial, and on reading them, a gush of tears, the first she had shed, fell on the paper. "If he think me innocent," thought she, "why should I ask for more?" But the image of Raymond rose involuntarily before her, and she felt, that he also must believe her free from guilt, or she could not with indifference meet the gaze of the cold, heartless

through, whom idle curiosity should assemble to see her die. A bell from a neighboring tower had tolled the hour of midnight, and soon after, a heavy footfall echoed through the passage which led to the place of her confinement. The door was opened by a sentinel, and an elderly man in the habit of a friar entered. "Daughter," said he, as he approached her, "be of good cheer. I am the bearer of earthly consolation, as well as heavenly." He then informed her that a disclosure had been made by a man attired as a pilgrim, implicating one Von Gratz, of the crime for which she herself was condemned. Whereupon Von Gratz, being expert in the use of weapons, having carried away the prize three several times, at the last tournament, challenged the pilgrim to a single combat, who by reason of a wound, being unable to accept the challenge, had procured a champion to do him battle.

"Know you the name of the wounded pilgrim?" inquired Theresa.

"I do not," he replied, "but he who has undertaken to be his champion, is called Raymond."

"Did he not then accompany Count Hermann?" inquired she, while a faint blush for a moment brightened her cheek.

"He did not," replied the friar. "He was the first, who discovered the wounded pilgrim, half buried in a stream of water, who, it is said, communicated to him some secret intelligence, which induced him to defer his departure for a few days."

After having performed the appropriate duties of his holy office, and exhorted her to meet her fate with fortitude and resignation, should Von Gratz prove victorious, the friar departed. At length the day dawned which was to decide her fate, and that the two knights who were to meet in battle. Raymond, when he rose, attired himself in a green dress, and devoted the morning to the inspection and preparation of his arms and armour. Lady Agnes helped to arm Von Gratz with her own hands, and ere he went forth to the combat, she drew his sword from its scabbard, and fixing her eye intently on the blade that gleamed brightly through her coal black dishevelled hair, which fell upon it, said, with a ghastly smile, "This then is for the heart of him." As he was leaving the room, she sprang forward, and suddenly seized his arm with a strong convulsive grasp. "Von Gratz," said she, "do your best. Should he die, it may break my heart, but my name will remain unsullied."—"Do not fear for me, lady," he replied; "I am sure of him." After he withdrew, she remained some minutes rooted to the spot as if still gazing at him, slowly repeating his last words—"I am sure of him." But the struggle was too powerful. The chain of reason, from that hour, was broken, and she could never be made conscious of the result of that day's proceedings.

Precisely at the appointed hour, Theresa was brought forth and placed on the scaffold, which had been erected at a little distance from the space marked out for the combatants. A murmur of compassion ran through the assembled multitude, at the sight of one so

young and so lovely condemned to a fate so cruel. The first sight of preparations so dreadful, caused her to shudder, but she soon became calm, and viewed the insignia of death leisurely and with perfect composure. In a few moments the herald sounded the trumpet and the combatants entered the lists. Hope, now for the first time seemed to spring up in the bosom of Theresa, and her varying complexion and trembling frame evinced her agitation. The interest of the spectators became intense, and they bent forward in a breathless anxiety, to witness the result of the first onset. The majority evidently desired the success of Raymond, but when they beheld his slight, youthful figure, and compared it with the powerful frame of Von Gratz, and remembered also the late dexterity and success of the latter in the use of his weapons, their hopes were nearly extinguished. There were other circumstances too, that favored Von Gratz. Raymond was much agitated; while he appeared confident of victory, and was consequently cool and collected; his horse also was larger, and better trained. At the appointed signal, each rushed furiously forward. Raymond, relying on the excellence of his weapon, aimed at the breast of his antagonist; at the same instant he received the lance of Von Gratz against his shield, which was shivered to pieces. Raymond, however, was swayed in his saddle, while Von Gratz maintained a firm and upright position. Von Gratz having received another weapon, they prepared for a second shock. It was plainly the intention of Von Gratz to overthrow both the horse and his rider, and many a friendly voice, warning Raymond to be on his guard, came forth from the multitude. At the moment of meeting, Raymond, raising himself erect in his stirrups, aimed a blow full at the head of his opponent, which clove his helm in twain, and a stream of gore, which instantly rushed through the rent, showed that he was wounded. Nevertheless he succeeded in his intention of overthrowing Raymond, and as he fell, his helmet untied, leaving his head without any defence. Von Gratz became dizzy, and his eyesight began to fail, but with a desperate effort, collecting all his remaining strength, he prepared to inflict a mortal blow on the bearded head of his adversary; his strength, however failed him—his weapon descended powerless, and he reeled and fell to the ground.

Loud cheers re-echoed through the assembly, when a man, who during the whole scene had sat silent and unobserved, arose, and throwing off some loose garments worn as a disguise, discovered the form and features of Prince Conrad. "Long live Prince Conrad, the beloved son of the great Frederic," saluted him from every quarter. Having received this expression of the love and respect of the people, with a dignity and affability similar to that exercised on like occasions by his royal father, he waved his hand to them to be silent, and beckoning Raymond to approach him, he drew a ring from his bosom, which Raymond immediately knew to be the same he had seen worn by Theresa. "Bear this," said he, "to yonder beautiful maiden, and tell her that the emperor requests her to bestow it on him,

and in return, he begs her to accept, as a memento of his esteem, the diamond ring, which was recently taken from his finger for so vile a purpose. He furthermore bids you tell her, that the two rings were, many years ago, exchanged between himself and her father, as tokens of mutual friendship, and that, through Providence, they are likely, now, to prove the means of restoring to the latter an only child, whom he supposed lost forever."

"Not on the scaffold can I execute my commission," said Raymond.

"Has she not converted it to a throne?" said the prince. "Let her descend, however, if it be your wish."—"Bear her from the scaffold," was the repeated cry of the multitude, while a number of noble youths collecting numerous splendid and costly garments, arranged them tastefully around a seat more elevated than the rest, converting it, into a small but superb pavilion. Theresa was conveyed thither, and Raymond had just performed the command of the Emperor relative to the two rings, when a stir was perceived among the crowd, and shortly after, a number of person, among whom was Count Hermann, appeared before the pavilion, supporting a man, whom Theresa instantly recognized as the pilgrim, whose appearance, she had thought so interesting, and who spoke to her, as she retired from the banquet hall. Instead of the coarse habit of a pilgrim, he was attired in the dress usually worn by noblemen at that period, and the prince addressed him as Baron Vozariberg. "My daughter," said he, addressing Theresa, "behold your father." She sprang forward, and would have knelt at his feet, but preventing her, he folded her to his bosom. He then turned to Prince Conrad. "Let me for once, assume the privilege of adjudging to the victor his prize." He then took the hand of his daughter, and placing it within that of Raymond, "I have obtained," said he, "the sanction of Count Hermann, to bestow on you the hand of his and my daughter, and may God bless you both."

Raymond received the hand, which he had so long coveted, with tears of joy, while the radiant countenance of Theresa, showed that she, in no wise, disapproved of her father's choice in selecting a prize to bestow on the victorious knight.

ANECDOTE.—It is related of an old gentleman who was crippled by a bile, that in attempting to go down cellar to draw some cider, taking with him a blue and white mug which was highly valued in the family, he fell and broke the bile, which put him in great pain. His tender spouse, more anxious for her darling mug than for the welfare of her better half, ran to the head of the stairs and cried out, "My dear, have you broke, the mug?" Smarting with pain, he replied, "No, but I will," and immediately dashed it against the wall.

Some person was mentioning to Figaro, a very rich old maid was building an observatory on her mansion. Oh, says the wag, there is no use in that; she has been on the lookout these ten years.

The Mother's Grave,

Bright glorious flowers above hissing,
Beside it laughs a silvery wave—
The wild bird droops her chainless wing,
And breaths sad music o'er that grave.
The twilight dews fall sweetest there,
The twilight shadows thickest steal,
And from that turf, love's hollowed prayer,
Is oftener poured for "others weal."

Nearer—yet nearer! mark't thou not
A slight form 'mid the foliage deep—
As if the genius of the spot
Had lingered gentle wail to keep?
Hush! o'er the mother's lowly bed,
The daughter weep 'mid blight and wrong,
And hark! to the unconscious dead,
E'er now she breaths her soul in song.

My cherished mother! thy low tomb
To me is "memory's talisman" yet,
Its spell through mingled joy and gloom,
Hath bid me ne'er the dead forget.
I kneel beside it now in grief—
Though seeming by earth's mockeries blest,
I pray for pilgrimage most brief—
I pray to share thy dreamless rest.

The sunshine of my life is come!
Tho' woo'd by pleasure, wealth my dower,
I feel in this false world alone,
'Mid glow and bloom a withered flower.
My spirit revelled once in light;
Love flash'd not from a clearer brow,
My being's woof seemed all too bright,
Woe for the dark threads in it now.

Woe for the shadow on my heart—
I've torn the idol from its shrine!
The love that seemed of life a part,
I've crush'd for aye its germ.
Still, oft for him, the once adored,
Mother, beside thy grave, I pray:
His touch has snapt my heart's full chord,
Yet may no sorrow chill his way!

My sainted mother! years have passed—
Since first on thy green bed I wept—
I'm bending o'er it now the last
Of those who then sad vigils kept.
My sister deep in ocean lies,
And my proud brother—o'er his head,
The banner of the stranger clime flies—
The stranger's grateful tears are shed.

Yes—earth's fond ties are shattered all!
Though young, my heart is with the dead,
"I seem as one who treads a hall,
Whence light and song and love are fled."
Mother! sweet mother, canst thou hear!
My ceaseless pining to be free,
Ask of the One thou'rt ever near,
To call this soul to Him and thee.

For the Magnolia.

The time to woo.

By Gustavus Adolphus Loveland, Gent.

Go, when the smile of gladness
Is sporting on her lip;
When love, despite of sadness,
The honey-dews will sip.
Go, when the sun declines
To ocean's liquid blue—
Go, when the pale moon shineth
On Emily and you.

Go, when the maid is blushing
The swellings of the heart—
Go, when the cheek is blushing—
Go, when the tear-drops start.
Go, when the dove is cooing;
And yet I dare not say,
But after all your wooing,
The answer may be—*Not*.

Fine Orchard, March, 1834.

The Wish.

On the bank of the Arno, where that river discharges itself into the Mediterranean, dwell Filippo, a peasant of Tuscany. He was married, and the father of a young and numerous family, who were dependent on his labor for subsistence. His utmost efforts were scarcely sufficient for the supply of their daily increasing wants; but a strong constitution and a cheerful temper enabled him to bear up under present exigencies, and to cherish a hope of better times.

He had but one subject of sorrow; and this, although arising from a legitimate source, yet indulged beyond due bounds, caused him incessantly to murmur against that Providence which, with a hand seemingly partial so unequally distributes this world's wealth. He had an aged father, whose infirmities threatened soon to disable him for the constant labor to which his necessities doomed him, and whom Filippo was unable essentially to relieve. His sole wish was to have the ability to place his father in a situation of moderate comfort for the remainder of his days.

They pursued their daily occupations in company; and when Filippo parted from his father one evening, and saw him totter home to his cabin, his heart was oppressed with grief, and he groaned forth a prayer that some power in heaven or earth would favor his pious wishes.

He stood upon the shore; and, as the stars twinkled above the sea, and were reflected like diamonds on its surface, he thought of the vast treasures of the deep, of the untold gold of the shipwrecked mariner, of the unexplored beds of pearl, and sighed for a small portion of those useless riches to gladden the heart of his aged parent. "I covet no man's goods," said he, "I wish not even to diminish the luxury of the great, much less to appropriate the honest gains of industry; let me but draw from the depths of the ocean that which would never else behold the sun, and, far from devoting even the smallest portion of it to my own urgent wants, I would bestow it exclusively where the most unquestionable duty dictates."

Deeply engaged with these reflections he returned home. The welcome of his wife, the caresses of his children, were unable to dissipate them; and even when he should have given his body to repose, his mind continued to pursue the train of thought by which it had been occupied during the day.

He found himself again standing on the beach. The stars looked brighter and the sea more sparkling. Night had set in. No ship appeared upon the sleeping waters, nor was any object in sight save a small speck, which, first showing itself upon the edge of the horizon, rapidly approached him, and he soon discovered a very small boat, rowed by a single person, and that apparently a man advanced in years. He was struck at once with the belief that this was a supernatural appearance, as a boat of such diminutive size could not be supposed to live on the wide expanse of sea which it had just traversed; but, with that courage peculiar to one deeply intent on a peculiar purpose, he felt no sense of shrinking from this singular apparition, nor from the

solitary boatman, who, with the look of robust age, bent to his oars, until he moored his little bark upon the strand.

Filippo approached without hesitation, and stood still until the boat rested at his feet.—The stranger raised his head, and, surveying him with something of kind interest, said in a voice that sounded in his ear like a fine toned instrument, "Filippo, your pious wish is heard, and I am sent by one who loves you to work its fulfillment."

"And can it be," said the peasant, "that I shall be permitted to draw from the treasures of the deep sufficient means to place my father beyond the reach of poverty? May I believe in this consummation of my wishes?"

"You may," replied the stranger. "Come with me, and a little way from hence we shall let down our net. I am somewhat of an experienced hand, and have even fished for money, some eighteen hundred years ago."

Their voyage was long. They rowed till sea and sky meeting on all sides, they seemed to be alone in the creation. Meanwhile the boatman sang, in a low but melodious voice, something that sounded to Filippo like the music of the church on days of high celebration. Filippo wished much to ask his venerable companion of things that mortal tongue could not reveal to him, but he felt awed by that deep and thrilling strain; and not daring to interrupt it, sat motionless and silent.

At length the old man ceased his unearthly song, and, drawing forth his net, "Filippo," said he, "name the sum sufficient to make you happy. I have full powers to gratify you."

Filippo named a sum; and, although vast riches appeared to solicit acceptance, he confined himself to what was barely necessary for his father's comfortable support.

His companion smiled with approbation.—"You are disinterested," said he, "you ask nothing for yourself."

"I trust myself to providence," replied Filippo, somewhat proudly. "Heaven and earth can witness to my singleness of heart."

"Your wish is unquestionably good," said the old man; "but Providence is not unmindful of your father. However, I am not commissioned to advise, but assist you, and merely to lay before you without comment some trifling circumstances which you may be unaware of. Now let us see—here are deep soundings."

The net was cast; and the friends waited in profound silence until, by a motion of the water, it appeared that some body of considerable weight had been received.

"I have not forgotten my ancient occupation," said the boatman, as, with apparent exertion of strength, he drew up his net, and emptied it of something that made the boat rock. Filippo looked anxiously, and saw a casket of iron, curiously wrought and fastened. It bore a date engraved on its lid, which showed that, as the boatman said, "man heapeth up riches, and knoweth not who shall gather them."

Filippo could read. "Nero Imperator," said he. "This Nero was a sad fellow: I am glad I did not live in his day."

"Let the dead rest!" said the fisher.—

"Besides, he rendered me a service once, or rather put me out of one. But let us to the matter in hand. See," said he, opening the casket with a touch, "here is gold sufficient for your purpose, put it up; and now I have no more to say, but," drawing out a small mirror, "to show you the consequences of your wish."

Filippo took the mirror; and, although night was upon surrounding objects, the scene before him was presented in the aspect of the brightest sunshine.

He saw a cottage beautifully situated, within a short distance from his own, affording comfort even bordering on luxury, and he recognised a much-loved face, though changed by an appearance of contentment and renovated health. He exclaimed with joy, "This is my father! these are the happy effects of my wish! Where the heart is in the right we seldom err." Seeing his guide look grave, Filippo proceeded: "Have I not done a positive good? Have I not improved his condition?"

"His external condition is improved," said he of the speculum; "but your father was already possessed of the best gifts—and for the house of clay it matters little. But you are going to be farther gratified. Do you know this youth?"

"Truly I do—Rinaldo, the idlest of the village school-boys. Parde Geronimo can make nothing of him; though he designs him for the church."

"Well, by your means his destiny is changed. His parents procured him the employment given up by your father; he is anxious to marry, and forsakes his vocation."

"So much the better; he would have disgraced it. And see—he is the spouse of Giulia, la bella Giulia. Poor fellow! I have befriended him unknowingly and unknown. I can say, with pleasure, I have wished wisely and well."

"Look again, Filippo."

The mirror now presented in succession three very lovely children, the offspring of this young couple; and he saw feasting and congratulating friends, and rustic mirth, and the most serious thankfulness of the age. And the children became strong and beautiful, and gave token of intelligence beyond their years.

Filippo was fast rising in his own esteem. "These children promise well," said he, "and but for me they had not known existence.—See how that lovely girl approaches womanhood; with what luxuriant beauty has not nature decked her! Pity she is of low degree! If a wish of mine could ennoble her she has it."

"She needs it not," replied the boatman; she is already destined to exalted rank."

Filippo's countenance brightened. "See," said he, "that young noble fall at her feet.—She is now mistress of his noble domains, and disgraces not her exalted station—she is amiable and virtuous."

"Yes," replied his companion "but her reward is not on earth. See her lord scowl on that young man beside her, and sign to have poison infused into his cup, now behold that gloomy chamber, dropping with damps, where she is left to languish out her days. But la-

ment not her; lament her offspring. See that wayward boy, the pupil of a lawless father! Oh for some warning voice to stop him short of parricide! See how he leads the troops of ruffians!—his father falls—the country is laid waste—the murdered travellers—"

Filippo placed his hands before his eyes.—"My lord," said he—

"Your fellow servant, Filippo."

"Well then, my friend! spare me a farther view of these bad men; my father's pillow has cost a price I little thought of. But there are other children—they may prove the benefactors of their race and counterpoise this sad history."

"I will spare your feelings," said the old man. "But a small part, however, of the evil has met your view, and of the earthly consequences alone. But look at this picture."

It was a studious youth. He sat beside the midnight lamp, and explored the depths of science, and gave his labors to the enlightening of his fellow men. But his own time was short—the active mind wore out the frail body, and he died in the flower of his age; but he had immortalized himself, on earth, and made discoveries that profited remote posterity; and his memory was honored, and his family ennobled by his name. His projects were soon realized. Regions were discovered in the far south, and savage men that dwelt there, and mines of gold and gems; and conquests were made, and savage strength was compelled to labor; and blood streamed, and ruins smoked—and Filippo, again cried "Mercy!"

"There remains yet another child," observed the fisherman, "and his lot is cast in the privacy of domestic life. He marries, and becomes the cultivator of his own farm; His wife is kind and faithful, his children dutiful and useful. See, they surround his table like the olive branches—and he calls himself happy. But time rolls on: his children disperse to settle in the world. Two sons are cut off by the war, and fill an honored tomb: three daughters marry, each in a distant province, a numerous family on narrow means. His wife is spared to him for many years, but she precedes him to the grave; and enfeebled by old age, he is no longer able to procure even a subsistence. He becomes an object of public compassion, and ends his life in an almshouse. No familiar face appears beside his dying bed, but callous hirelings impatient of his lingering breath. He thinks upon his wife, and the dear circle of affectionate children accustomed to anticipate his wishes—"

"Oh cease!" cried Filippo, for his tears flowed at the picture. "Spare me the sight of that old man. Blind and presumptuous, why did I attempt to adjust the balance of the All-wise!"

"There are no wishers where I inhabit," said the boatman, "and I gave up my judgment in Nero's time. But take your treasure, for the morning breaks, and I must go far hence."

Filippo drew back. "Return the fatal treasure to the deep," said he, "and row me back to the shore. I have learned a lesson of

contentment worth a longer voyage!"

The boatman prepared to veer his little bark, but the morning sun, rising above the Mediterranean, glared full on the face of Filippa, who, making a sudden motion to turn round, started and awoke—and lo, it was a dream!

"I wish we had a bed curtain," said his wife; "for the sun nearly blinds me."

"Never let me hear you wish," said Filippa.

"I wish," said she in an angry tone, "I really wish, caro, you would hold your tongue."

For the Magnolia.

A Midnight Sketch

'Tis midnight: and the hour is dreary—dark;
The maddened wind is loose, and with a voice
Of vengeance, it roars through the earth, and swears
To make the meanest thing its dread ire feel.
Aton, with deep and horrid groan, it shakes
The very earth, and wars, in might and strength
Against the aged oak that's braved the storms
Of years, and stood the shocks of changing time.
The trees are swinging in the blackened air,
And making melancholy music; deep
And hollow is the moan that on the ear
Strikes dead. The windows of the mansion shake,
And its old frame creaks, as the wind beats hard
Upon its outward and its olden frame.
Within is seated by the dying fire,
A mother, pressing to her breast her child,
And shivering from the cold and piercing blast
Its tender frame, while on a worn-out bed
Is stretched a father's lifeless form. His breath
Has fled—he died when no one saw, but her
He loved. No other hand his pillow smoothed
In life's last hour—no other tear were shed—
No other sighs were heave than those that came
From her who was his early love—his friend—
And best companion through his troubled life.
Hers were the smiles of love, that oft had cheered
His weary hour, as thus his daily task
He done, and bore his hard-got earnings home,
To glad the mother's heart, and feed her child.
No more will be the solitary meal supply—
No more will hear the prattling of his boy,
Nor kiss his infant cheeks. The wind's deep moan
Is mocking her distress—she heave it not:
Too full her soul the wintry blast to heave,
But sorrow holds her away, and frantic grief,
And wild despair sits brooding on her mind.
She shrieks—she sinks beneath afflictions weight,
And swoons!

For the Magnolia.

Farewell to Caroline.

Fare thee well—my heart is near thee;
And its love is still as deep,
While the soul can see and hear thee,
In the dreary hour of sleep.

Dear one be thy blessing o'er me,
And thy restless spirit given
As an angel-guide before me,
Leading upwards unto heaven.

Hudson, March, 1834.

ANGELO.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTE.—A traveller crossing the Green Mountains, in Vermont, in the month of August, discovered a bareheaded and barefooted urchin, with a large tin bucket by his side, digging into a deep snowdrift; and very innocently put the question—

"My young lad, what do you intend to do with that snow?"

"Why, sir, mother wants to thaw it to get water to wash with."

"Then why not take it from the top of the drift, instead of digging so deep?"

"Why, sir, that on the top ain't good for any thing—the warm weather has dried all the water out."—*Litt. Rev.*

NEW AGENT.—Josiah A. Cure, No. 7 Delancy street, N. Y.

To Correspondents.

We return our thanks to our fair friend, J., for her interesting communications, and hope that our negligence in not noticing her former writings in an editorial remark, will not induce her to withhold her favors which we with much pleasure insert. Her article on friendship will be found in our columns.

E. M. is under consideration. The article is altogether too long, and the subject not of that interesting nature to beguile the mind while engaged on a lengthy communication. We would be much pleased to have our correspondents study brevity; as the shorter an article is, and the fewer the words used to express the idea, the greater and more powerful the effect it will have upon the mind of the reader.

FABULATOR is received, it will appear in our next number.

Married,

At Colchester, by the Rev. Mr. Strong, Mr. Israel B. Bigelow, merchant, of Hillsdale, to Miss Sally Peters, daughter of the late Governor Peters of Connecticut.

At Ghent, on the 19th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Wynkoop, Aaron H. Gardner, to Miss Ann Eliza Jackson, both of the above place.

Died,

At Germantown, Columbia co., February 20th. Palmer Hamilton, son of Dr. John H. Cole, aged 2 years and 6 months.

In Copake, on the 7th ult., Mrs. Temperance Bigelow, wife of Dea. John Bigelow, formerly of Colchester, Conn. aged 69.

In this city, on Friday 21st ult. of consumption, Mrs. Catherine T. Jordan, in the 29th year of her age, wife of Allen Jordan, esq.

At Nantucket, on the 18th ult. Mrs. Ann Macy, aged 74 years.

At Claverack, on the 13th inst. Mrs. Catalina Van Deusen, wife of Robert T. Van Deusen, in the 64th year of her age.

From the London Metropolitan.

"We parted in silence, we parted by night,
On the banks of that lonely river,
Where the fragrant limes there boughs unite,
We met—and we—parted forever!
The night-bird sang, and the stars above
Told many a touching story,
Of friends long parted to the kingdom of love,
Where the soul wears its mantle of glory."

"We parted in silence—Our cheeks were wet
With the tears that were fast controlling;
We vowed we would never—no never, forget—
And those vows at the time, were coaxing—
But the lips that echoed the vow of mine
Are as cold as that lonely river;
And that eye, the spirit's shrine
Has shrouded its fire forever."

And now on the midnight sky I look,
And my heart grows full to weeping,
Each star is to me a sealed book,
Some tale of that loved one keeping;
We parted in silence—we parted in tears,
On the banks of that lonely river:
But the color and bloom of those by gone years,
Shall hang o'er its waters forever."

A Love-Lighted Eye.

I have told in my letters, 'tis good and 'tis bright,
I have gems in my care would illumine the night,
I have ships on the ocean, and steeds in the stall,
But the dark eye of beauty is better than all.

Gold and gems fall away like the leaves from the tree
They were yours, they were his, now they're settled
on me;
The galleys will perish, the coursers will die,
But eternity shines in a love-lighted eye.

True Friendship.

There is a charm in grief; the swelling heart
Is sooth'd by pouring from its inmost fount
The gushing stream, when sacred friendship weeps.

What a delightful theme is friendship? and what a blessing to possess a true friend, who will smile with us in joy, and weep with us in sorrow. I once had a true and affectionate friend, who was dear to my heart, but she now lies slumbering in the cold grave in solitude and silence, and flowers are now blooming over her resting place. Memory often recalls that dear familiar face—the voice whose accent was the harbinger of joy, again thrills my heart, and in imagination the warm clasp of friendship is restored. But, alas! does not memory recall some painful moment—some sad parting?

Catharine N—— and myself were school-mates at H——. When I first knew her, I did not appreciate her worth; but so much loveliness and amiability of character could not long pass unnoticed, even by so insensible a heart as mine. Months glided away almost imperceptibly in her society—and soon came the parting hour. Oh! that moment will never be forgotten, when I bade her a last farewell; nor will her parting words ever escape my recollection. "If I never see you again dear friend, may we meet in a fairer world than this." How little did I then think it was a last farewell. A short time after a

letter came bearing the seal of death, it announced the death of my much loved friend. She was too fair a flower for earth, and was transplanted to the never fading garden of paradise. But although she is gone to that bourn from which no traveller returns; yet her memory will be cherished by me with an affectionate regard, and her friendly admonitions will ever be fresh in my memory. I know that death has a license that reaches from the "cradle to the grave," that no age, nor situation can exempt us from its arrows; but when he cuts down the young, whose brow begins to blossom with youthful hopes, in whose existence is many of the "best and delicate fibres of our Asa's are interwoven," we are apt to murmur.

I have lost many friends, and some in the bloom of youth I have wept over their cold and lifeless forms. I have dropped a tear upon the mound that buries them from my sight, and their deaths have shown me, how slender a defence is youth, health and love, to the overpowering hand of the destroyer. We may laugh, dance and sing, but we are doomed to die—and sooner or later, all must fall.

Perhaps we are young, and our fancy is almost ignorant of death, and our bosom is full of far tenderer emotions than the loathsome grave presents. I have seen such, and have doubted that they could die—how vain and idle have been my dreams of the future.—Alas! many a mournful lesson is written for me in the solitary church yard. I never more doubt that death will strike the young, or that youthful beauty will fade as instantly as a meteor, and that they will be seen, and heard, and known no more upon this stage of the busy world.

It is pleasant, though mournful, to turn awhile from the anxieties of the present moment, and recall the images that lie slumbering in the "narrow house," appointed for all living. Memory has the power to bring before us, persons who bear some faint resemblance to others, long since mouldered into dust. When memory exerts her power, we live on the past, and feel that that which intervened had been a painful dream.

P——.

J.

INTERPRETATION OF MOTIVES.—There is no word or action but may be taken with two hands; either with the right hand of charitable construction, or the sinister interpretation, of malice and suspicion; and all things do succeed as they are taken. To construe an evil action well, is but a pleasing and profitable deceit to myself; but to misconstrue a good thing is a treble wrong, to myself, the reader, and the author.—Bishop Heber.

The Bachelor's Dream.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

"Visions have hovered o'er his sleep,
 Light, fairy forms have lent above him;
 And eyes smiled on him, like the deep
 Expressive ones of those that love him.
 Wild, brilliant eyes through raven hair,
 Glowering upon the bosom's snow;
 And thin, white fingers, like cool air,
 Have passed along his fever'd brow."

I had a friend—a bachelor of fifty, a kind free-barted fellow, who frequently amused me with his allusion to the events of his earlier years. Wearied with the loneliness and silence of his existence, he found a certain relief in the treasured memories of the past. Sorrow and joy perhaps equally mingled in these remembrances, like the shadow and sunshine of an April landscape: yet both were treasured up and loved and mused over.

"I had a dream last night," said he, as I entered his apartment one cold morning in winter—"an ugly dream—ugh!—my very blood chills to think of it!" His teeth chattered as he spoke, although there was a glowing fire in the grate! and he had a thick wrapper thrown over his shoulders. "Sit down," continued he, "and I will tell you my dream, if I can get through with it without freezing both of us into ice statues." "Go on," said I, seating myself comfortably by the fire—"I apprehend no danger from the recital of your dream."

"Well—last evening I was all alone—'twas a bitter cold evening too—and I as usual—when the present is not particularly agreeable, amused myself by thinking over the past.—You cannot imagine what a world of memory passed before me! But as the mind's images thickened, they grew fainter—the dim light of the lamp grew dimmer before me—the howling of the north wind died away in my ear—and I fell asleep in my arm chair.

For a time my visions were broken and vague—yet they bore somewhat of the impression of my waking ones—half-formed, half-seen faces, once familiar, stared around me—and dim and hurried perceptions of familiar scenery passed before me, like the changes of a phantasmagora. Suddenly the scene was changed. I seemed wandering over a vast plain of ice—anon, struggling in the rift of a Swiss avalanche, or riding on the steep pinnacle of an ice berg, or standing in a swift current of cold water, with a raw wind blowing and the ice stiffening around my body; and then the dimness and incoherence passed away, and a new order of visions came before me.

I was standing in a familiar looking dwelling, at least its proportion seemed so—but it was entirely composed of ice—cold, shining, unmelting ice. The trees which stood without, I knew them by their knarled limbs and stepping bodies as familiar to my youthful days were also of ice—limbs and foliage, and trunk of the same. I was treading upon an icy floor—the ceiling—the doors and windows and household furniture were ice—nothing but clear, glittering ice.

I stood in the wintry parlor shaking with cold, when a figure slowly approached me.—I knew it is an instant. It was the mother of my first love—the Caroline whom I had

so often told you of. There were the same figure, proportion, dress, &c.—the same pair of huge spectacles on her face, which characterized her thirty years ago. She came forward and bowed, without relaxing a muscle of her countenance, and pointing to a sofa behind me. Hardly had I seated myself, when the door again opened and Caroline herself entered; and advanced slowly and without any sign of motion towards me, although she evidently recognized me, and held out her hand in a sort of mechanical welcome. I rose and clasped it in my own. It was cold—cold as a winter tomb-stone—and as the icy fingers fastened about my own, I shuddered as if a spectre had welcomed me to the world of shadows. She was ice like every thing around her.

The cottage, the old lady, and my long loved Caroline passed away, and I found myself in a beautiful mansion in a far off land.—There too, the spell of winter rested like death upon every thing around me. The pillars—the splendid galleries, the magnificent apartments, and the servants, and the attendants were all ice in that winter of desolation. Yet, I recognized the scene of my deepest attachment—the dwelling of her, whose beautiful image never ceased to haunt me, from the moment of our first meeting. And I saw her, the magnificent girl!—and she threw her arms around my neck, and kissed me—it was like the kiss of a marble statue—the twining of the arms of the dead around the neck of the living—a cold and icy communion. And then, I seemed myself to take the nature of all around me, and I became as ice, all save my heart, which still beat beneath its unconscious body. And we sat down together, two icy statues, mocking one another with the look of warm and kindly affection. And she would lay her cold hand in my own, and bend her head, with its rich but unmoving mass of ringlets towards me, and her eye beamed constantly with a smile like that with which she had always welcomed me;—and yet, I knew that it was an awful mocking; and that the warmth and the passion of love and life were not there!

I awoke.—My lamp was like a small spark, it had burned so low—the fire had gone out and the moonlight as it streamed through the unshuttered windows, revealed the black and cold bars of the grate before me; the doors were ajar, and the current of air, bitter with frost, was sweeping through the room. For a time indeed, I almost imagined my dream a thing of reality, for I was actually stupified with the cold, and have not yet half recovered from it. My friend as he spoke drew his cloak closer round him, with a sort of involuntary shudder.

"Now," continued he, "I have determined to live alone no longer; I will marry, let the consequences be as they may. Rather than suffer, again, what I did last night, and all for the want of a companion, I would marry the veriest termagant in Christendom."

He kept his word. He is now a married man; and what is more and better a happy one. He has a wife who loves him, and children who bless him, and I have never since his marriage, heard him complain of his frozen dreams.

From Pen and Ink Sketches in the Liverpool Journal.

Anecdotes of O'Connell.

One of O'Connell's earliest displays of acuteness was at Tralee, in the year 1799, shortly after he had been called to the Bar. In the intricate case where he was junior counsel (having got the brief more as a family compliment than from any other case,) the question in dispute was as to the validity of a will, which had been made almost *in articulo mortis*. The instrument was drawn up in proper form; the witnesses were examined, and gave ample confirmation that the deed had been legally executed. One of them was an old servant possessed of a strong passion for speaking. It fell to O'Connell to cross-examine him, and the young barrister allowed him to speak on, in the hope that he might say too much. Nor was this hope disappointed.—The witness had already sworn that he saw the deceased sign the will. "Yes," continued he, with all the garrulousness of old age, "I saw him sign it, and surely there was life in him at the time." The expression frequently repeated, led O'Connell to conjecture that it had a peculiar meaning. Fixing his eye upon the old man, he said, "You have taken a solemn oath before God and man to speak the truth, and the whole truth; the eye of God is upon you; the eyes of your neighbors are fixed upon you also. Answer me, by the virtue of that sacred and solemn oath that has passed your lips, *was the testator alive when he signed the will?*" The witness was struck with the solemn manner in which he was addressed, his colour changed—his lips quivered—his limbs trembled, and he faltered out the reply, "there was life in him." The question was repeated in a more impressive manner, and the result was, that O'Connell half compelled, half cajoled him to admit, that after life was extinct, a pen had been put into the testator's hand—that one of the party guided it to sign his name, while as a salvo for the consciences of all concerned, a living fly was put into the dead man's mouth, to qualify the witnesses to bear testimony that "there was life in him" when he signed that will.—This fact, literally dragged from the witness preserved a large property in a respectable and worthy family, and was the first occurrence in O'Connell's legal career, worth mentioning. Miss Edgeworth, in her "Patronage," has an incident not much different from this; perhaps it was suggested by it. The plaintiffs in this case were two sisters named Langton, both of whom still enjoy the property miraculously preserved to them by the ingenuity of O'Connell; and the writer of this sketch has often heard them relate the manner in which he had contrived to elicit the truth.

Again—One of the most remarkable personages in Cork, for a series of years, was a sharp-witted little fellow named John Boyle, who published a periodical called 'the Freeholder.' As Boyle did not see that any peculiar dignity befitting the Corporation of Cork, his "Freeholder" was remarkable for severe and satirical remarks upon its members, collectively and personally. Owing to the very great precau-

tions as to the mode of publication, it was next to impossible for the Corporation to proceed against him for a libel; if they could have done so, his punishment was certain, for, in those days, there were none but Corporation Juries; and the fact that Boyle was hostile to the municipal clique, was quite enough for these worthy administrators of justice. It happened on the occasion of a crowded benefit, that Boyle and one of the Sheriffs were coming out of the pit of the theatre at the same moment. A sudden crush drove the scribe against the Sheriff, and the concussion was such, that the latter had two of his ribs broken. There could be no doubt that the whole was accidental; but it was too lucky not to be taken advantage of. Mr. Boyle was prosecuted for assault. O'Connell (who was personally inimical to the Corporation) scarcely cross-examined a witness, and called none in defence. He proceeded to reply. After some hyperbolic compliments on the "well-known impartiality, independence, and justice of a Cork jury," he proceeded to address them thus—"I had no notion that the case is what it is; therefore I call no witnesses. As I have received a brief, and its accompaniment—a fee, I must address you. I am not in the vein for making a long speech, so, gentlemen, instead of it, I shall tell you a story. Some years ago I went especially to Clonmel assizes, and accidentally witnessed a trial which I never shall forget. A wretched man, a native of that county, was charged with the murder of his neighbor. It seemed that that an ancient feud existed between them. They had met at a fair and exchanged blows; again, that evening, they met at low pot-house, and the bodily interference of friends alone prevented a fight between them. The prisoner was heard to show vengeance against his rival. The wretched victim left the house, followed soon after by the prisoner, and was found next day on the road-side murdered, and his face so barbarously beaten by a stone, that he could only be identified by his dress. The facts were strong against the prisoner—in fact it was the strongest case of circumstantial evidence I ever met with. As a form—of his guilt there was no doubt—the prisoner was called on for his defence. He called—to the surprise of every one—the murdered man. And the murdered man came forward. It seemed that another man had been murdered—that the identification by dress was vague, for all the peasantry of Tipperary wear the same description of clothes—that the presumed victim had got a hint that he would be arrested under the Whiteboy Act—had fled—and only returned, with a noble and Irish feeling of justice, when he found his ancient foe was in jeopardy, on his account. The case was clear; the prisoner was innocent. The Judge told the Jury that it was unnecessary to charge them.—They requested permission to retire; they returned in about two hours, when the free-man, with a long face, handed in the verdict 'guilty.' Every one was astonished. 'God God!' said the Judge, 'of what is he guilty? Not of murder surely?' 'No, my Lord,' said the Foreman, 'but if he did not murder that man, sure he stole my grey mare three years

ago." The Cork Jurors laughed heartily at this anecdote, ere their mirth had time to cool, O'Connell continued with marked emphasis, "So, gentlemen of the Jury, if Mr. Boyle did not wilfully assault the Sheriff, he has libelled the Corporation—find him guilty, by all means!" The application was so severe, that the Jury shamed into justice, instantly acquitted Mr. Boyle.

A sensible Horse.

We do not think the records of instinct ever contained a more extraordinary instance than that we are about to relate, and for the truth whereof many respectable witnesses pledge themselves. Some time since, Mr. J. Lane, of Fascomb, in Gloucestershire, England, on his return home, turned his horse into a field in which it had been accustomed to graze. A few days before this, it had been shod all four, but unluckily had been pinched in the shoeing of one foot. In the morning, Mr. Lane missed the horse, and caused an active search to be made in the vicinity, when the following singular circumstance transpired. The animal, as may be supposed, feeling lame, made his way out of the field, by unhooking the gate with his mouth, and went straight to the same farrier's shop, a distance of a mile and a half. The farrier had no sooner opened his shed than the horse, which had evidently been standing there some time, advanced to the forge, and held up the ailing foot. The farrier instantly began to examine the hoof, discovered the injury, took off the shoe, and replaced it more carefully, on which the horse immediately turned about, and set off at a merry pace for his well known pasture. While Mr. Lane's servants were on the search, they chanced to pass by the forge, and on mentioning their supposed loss, the farrier replied, "Oh, he has been here and shod, and gone home again;" which, on their returning, they found to be the case.

A Rare Instance of Honesty.

A farmer, near Reading, Pennsylvania, passed a counterfeit ten dollar bill to a merchant, a number of years since. A short time ago, he called, and inquired whether the merchant did not remember the circumstance, describing the note. The merchant, who had always been in the habit of preserving, in a small book kept for that purpose, all counterfeits, as well as the dates of their reception, on referring to it, found the bill, as well as the date at which he had received it, corresponding to the farmer's words. The latter, on taking hold of the bill, tore it into fragments with apparent satisfaction, and desired the merchant to calculate the interest, which having been done, he paid the whole amount in good money. He had received the note, at the time the farmer stated, for a genuine one, but did not know of whom, and just starting in the world, could not well afford to lose so much. Ever since the day on which he had passed it, his conscience had goaded him, but now it would be at ease, and he went off as contented as if he had received a capital prize.

A STUTTERING LETTER.—A certain woman took from the post office in the town of G—, a letter. Not knowing how to read, and being anxious to know the contents, supposing it to be from one of her absent sons, she called on a person near, to read the letter to her. He accordingly began and read; "Dear mother,"—then making a stop to find out what followed (as the writing was very bad,) the old lady exclaimed, "O 'tis from poor Jerry, he always stutters."

"I know well enough," said a fellow, "where fresh fish comes from, but where they catch these 'ere salt fish, I'll be hanged if I can tell."

Agents for the Magnolia.

NEW-YORK.

N. Howard, F. M. Stephentown.
J. W. Dutcher, Albany.
A. F. Miller, Gellatin.
Moore & Stone, Plattsburgh.
L. W. Chappell, Katon.
Savi L. Hill, Kingston.
Alexander F. Wheeler, Chatham 4 Corners.
J. Douglas, Haverstraw.
Charles S. Willard, Catskill.
C. B. Dutcher, Spencertown.
Mr. Ford, Red Hook.
D. D. Newberry, Syracuse.
Jacob D. Clark, Delhi.
Clifton L. Adancourt, Troy.
Walter S. Fairfield, Lansingburgh.
Thomas Neuterville, Athens.
Dr. Charles Drake, Plattskill.
R. G. Dorr, Hillsdale.
W. C. Benjamin, Fayetteville.
Charles Helmsstreet, Fairfield.
E. B. Litchfield, Delhi.
W. H. Outler, Forestville.
John G. Wallace, Milaca.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Dr. William Bassett, Granby.
A. G. Parker, F. M. Shirley Village.
George H. Presbrey, Lancaster.
Charles S. Breckenridge, Ware.
Calvin Gunn, Pittsfield.

RHODE-ISLAND.

Richard Carrique, jr. Cumberland.
James D. Wolcott, Lonsdale.

CONNECTICUT.

John B. Chapin, Wallingford.
Horace Ames, New-Hartford.
Hermon Chapin, New-Hartford.

VERMONT.

D. B. Kittle, Castleton.
S. B. Smith, Burlington.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Dewitt C. Warner, Moutrose.
Ezra B. Park, do.

OHIO.

D. D. Stumway, Bricksville.
Hill & Baird, Washington, Fayette Co.

THE MAGNOLIA,

IS PUBLISHED EVERY OTHER SATURDAY, BY

P. DEAN CARRIQUE.

Hudson, N. Y., at One Dollar per annum, in advance.
Persons acting as Agents, on forwarding Five Dollars shall receive six copies, and in the same proportion for all they may obtain.

☞ All letters and communications must come postage paid to receive attention.